



The Rape of Belgium

A Journal of the American Legation in Belgium

By Hugh Gibson, Witness

The secretary of the American Legation in Belgium, seeing everything, kept a personal diary of Germany's immortal sin. The seal of neutrality is broken, and here is one of the great documents of the war.

To-day's Instalment: The writer and his party reach Antwerp with official dispatches for Washington, which the Germans in possession of Brussels would not permit to be sent from there, except "via Berlin." Antwerp is crazy for news of the lost capital and overwhelms the visitors.

BRUSSELS, Aug. 27 (continued).—When we reached the canal (outside Malines, on the dash through the lines to Antwerp), we found that the drawbridge had been taken up, and that there was no way to get across. There were a few gendarmes on the other side, and a few carts on our side of the canal. All were anxious to get across, but the burgomaster had ordered traffic suspended until things had quieted down. We prevailed upon a genial gendarme to run back and get orders to govern our special case. After waving our credentials and showing how much influence we had with the local administration, we were quite popular with the panicking peasants who wanted to get into town.

Orders came very soon, and we made straight for the Hotel de Ville to thank the burgomaster for letting us in and also to pick up any news he had as to conditions. We did not get any great amount, however, as he could not get over the fact that we had come straight through from Brussels without having been shot by the German or the Belgian patrols, who were out with orders to pick up strays like us. We tried several times to get information out of him, but he could do nothing but marvel at our luck, and above all at our *promesse*, which left him quite bowled over. We gave

him up and went our way. He had had other things to marvel about since.

Halt to Inspect More War Trophies

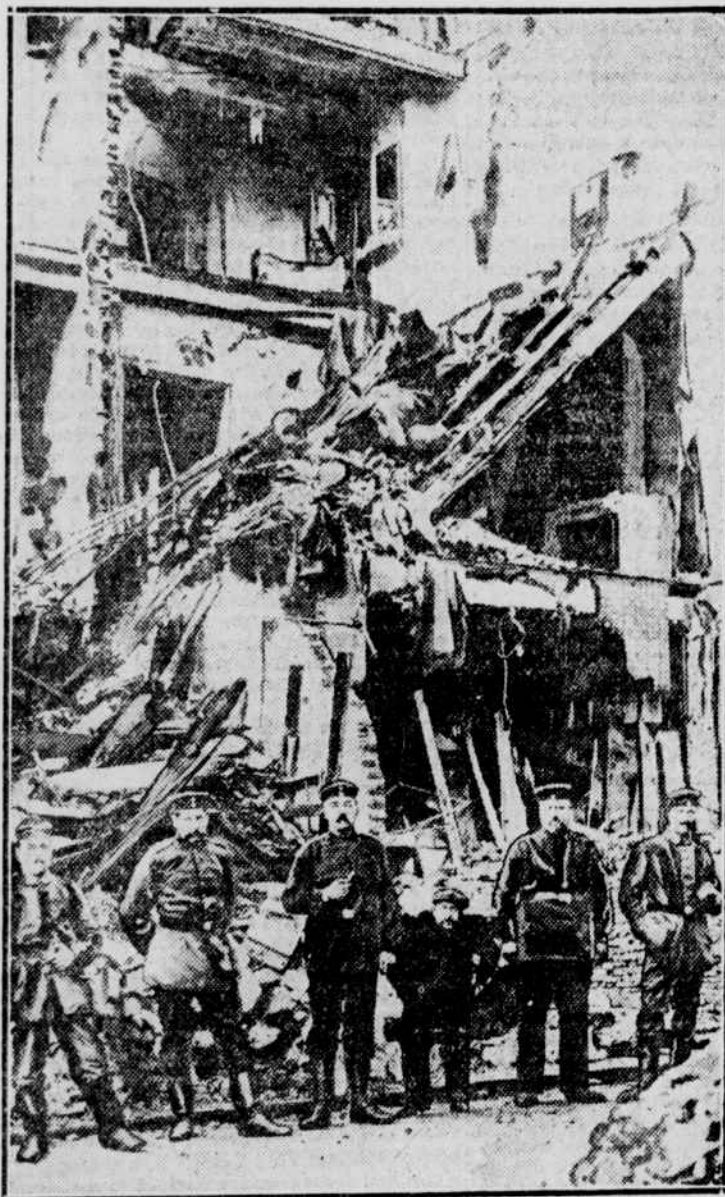
Not far out of Malines, we ran into the first Belgian outpost. When we were about fifty yards from them they surged across the road and began brandishing rifles, swords, lances—a veritable armory of deadly weapons. Blount put on the emer-

We were hero-curiosities as the first civilians who had got through from the German lines since the occupation of Brussels. And perhaps we were not glad to be safely inside the Belgian lines!

Meet Belgian Forces Massing on Malines

It was nervous work that far, but once inside we found everybody friendly, and got through without any trouble, although we were

AT MALINES



A good background for a photograph to send home to Germany.



In a heart-to-heart talk with a lot of advertising men at dinner the other night, a clergyman, a gifted speaker, who spoke from the bystanders' point of view, raised a great laugh when he said—

"I marvel at you advertisers. Your captivating captions create such insatiable desire for so much junk."

Junk!

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New York Tribune.

gents of supply wagons, ambulances and even the dog artillery. These little chaps came tugging along the road and turned their heads to bark at us with enthusiasm.

Mined Roads Suggest Very Gentle Travelling

For a mile or so outside the *enceinte*, which has been thrown up around the town, the roads are heavily mined, and small red flags planted between the cobbles to warn passersby to tread gently and gingerly. We did not require the urging of the sentries to make us proceed with caution over these places, which were so delicately mined that heavy carts were not allowed to pass. I breathed more easily when we were once out of this.

We found the military hospital and banded over our wounded soldier to the attendants, who bundled him inside and then rushed back to hear what we could tell them. They had not heard a word from the outside world—or rather from our part of the outside world—since the withdrawal of the Belgian army to Antwerp, and they greeted us as they would greet fellow beings returning from a journey to Mars. They had a few newspapers, which were being published in Antwerp, and handed them over to us, we being as anxious as they for the news that we had not been able to get.

From the hospital we drove to the Hotel St. Antoine and asked for rooms. The proprietor was very suspicious of us, and we had a tremendous time convincing him that there was nothing the matter with us. He knew that we could not have come from Brussels, as nobody had been able to make the trip. Our papers were *en règle*, but that made no difference. German spies and other suspicious characters had managed to get forged papers before that.

Overjoyed at Prospect At News of Brussels

Fortunately, all the other diplomats were living in the hotel, and I asked that he hunt up some of them and verify what we had to say for ourselves. Webber, of the British Legation, was brought out and acted as though he had seen a ghost. He calmed down enough to assure the proprietor that we were respectable citizens, and that he could safely give us rooms.

All the other people were away from the hotel for the moment, so we deposited our things in our room, and made for the consulate general. It was then 6:30, and the consul general had gone for the day. A well trained porter refused to tell where either he or the vice-consul general lived, but we managed to find out and got to the vice-consul general's house after a hunt with a *chasseur* of the hotel on the box. He was not at home, but his wife was there. We talked with her for a few minutes, and then went back to the hotel to await Sherman's (vice-consul general) coming. He called in the course of a few minutes, and we made arrangements to go to the consulate after dinner and get off our telegrams.

Diplomatic Forms Go by the Board

By the time we could get washed up and ready for dinner the crowd had come back, and when we set foot on the stairway we were literally overwhelmed by our loving friends. First, I met Sir Francis Villiers and accepted his invitation to dine. He and Prince Koudacheff, the Russian Minister, a lot of other colleagues, and goodness only knows who else, fell upon us with demands for news. I took refuge in Sir Francis's office, and saw as many people as I could until dinner time.

Baron van der Elst, the secretary general of the Foreign Office, and M. Carton de Wiart, the Minister of Justice, forgetting all about the requirements of the protocol that I should make the first call upon them, came flying around to see if I had any news of their families. Luckily I had, and was able to tell them that all was well. I did not know that I had so much first-hand knowledge of the people in Brussels, but was able to give good news to any number of people. It became a regular joyfest, and was more fun for me than for anybody else. By 8 o'clock we got out to dinner, but hardly got two consecutive bites without interruptions.

Tells the Story to Cabinet Council In the midst of soup General Yungbluth, Chief of Staff to the King, came around in full regimentals and wanted to get all sorts of news for the Queen. Before we got much further others began to arrive and drew up chairs to the table, filling up all that part of the room.

As we were finishing dinner several ministers of state came in to say that the Prime Minister wanted me to come to meet him and the Cabinet Council, which was being held—just to assure them that all was well with their families and to tell them, in the bargain, anything that I felt I properly could.

However, I had my real work ahead of me, getting off my telegrams to Washington. I tore myself away from the crowd and, joining Sherman, who was waiting for

me in the hall, I made for the consulate general. The consul general was already there, anxious to hear the news. I had to get before the department all the news I could and as comprehensive a statement as possible of everything that had happened since communications had been cut. I pounded away until after 11, and got off a fat bundle of cables, which Sherman took to the office for me. I then made for the Grand Hotel, where the Cabinet Council was waiting for me.

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Another instalment to-morrow

James P. McNichol Falls Dead in Home

Former Republican Boss of Philadelphia Succumbs to Heart Attack

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 14.—James P. McNichol, State Senator and Republican leader, dropped dead to-day at the home of his son, where he was believed to be convalescing from an attack of acute indigestion. Death was due to dilation of the heart. Senator McNichol was fifty-three years old.

Senator McNichol's death is attributed to a relapse which he suffered following the exertion and excitement of voting on Election Day. He was forced to take to his bed, but recovered quickly and was thought to be out of danger. Senator McNichol was long a leader in Republican politics in this city and was one of Philadelphia's wealthiest contractors. Most of the contracts for work on the city's new \$100,000,000 subway system were awarded to the firm of which he was the head.

For many years he attended national conventions of the Republican party as a delegate. Upon the death of Israel W. Durham he became the party leader in this city, and along with United States Senator Penrose controlled affairs here, gradually extending his influence until he was looked upon as a state leader. He entered the State Senate in 1905, and in a short while assumed virtual control of legislation affecting his party.

In recent years the McNichol-Penrose leadership has been disputed by State Senator Edwin H. Vane and Congressman William S. Vane, the former a rival of McNichol in the city contracting business, and the latter in bitter fights for control. At the present time the Vane's are in the ascendancy as far as this city is concerned. Senator McNichol was married twice and was the father of fourteen children, of whom twelve are living. Four sons are in the National Army.

Cousin Files Will Of Mrs. Stiassny

District Attorney Calls More Witnesses in Investigation of Widow's Death

The will of Mrs. Sarah M. Stiassny, whose mysterious death a week ago at her home, 215 West Ninety-eighth Street, is being investigated by District Attorney Swann, was filed yesterday in the Surrogate's Office. The dead woman's

young cousin, Richard Epstein, whose revolver was used in the shooting and to whom a suicide note was addressed, is the principal beneficiary and co-executor with Isidore Hershfield, of 99 Nassau Street. Mr. Hershfield said last night he did not believe Mrs. Stiassny's estate was worth more than \$100,000. Some estimates had placed it at \$250,000.

Assistant District Attorney Deolting continued his investigation of the shooting yesterday. He found several contradictions in stories told, he said. Mr. Deolting also said that his entire investigation had failed to furnish any evidence that Mrs. Stiassny had ever complained to her physician, Dr. R. M. Feldman, of 515 Cathedral Parkway, or to any of her friends that she had been unable to sleep nights. The suicide note has been interpreted by Mr. Deolting as indicating that Mrs. Stiassny could no longer endure her insomnia because, as she expressed it, she feared that she "was going insane."



W. L. Douglas was permitted to attend school while "bound out" to his uncle, only for short periods during the winter months when there were slack spells in the work. Many a morning he was obliged to work so late that it was necessary for him to run all the way to school, a distance of over a mile, and not infrequently he had to pay the penalty for being tardy, through no fault of his own.

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